
Title: FAIRIES

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NO SUCH THING AS
FAIRIES

In our childhood years we
learn that fairies glow,
and this is good as
everyone knows.
But we partake the juice
of the dark berries
though we know there are
no such thing as fairies...

We cry, though we rarely
let it show,
our tears fall like melting
mountain snow.
But still the fairies float
like smoke rings though
the night.
stealing us blind with
their mythical magical
sight.

And with the fortune to
seize priceless treasures,
and the subsequent
Moonshadian pleasures
and as we grow older and
bolder and drawn,
the fairies visit us less
till, alas, they are gone.

But for our offspring
the fairies will still glow,
and this is good as every
child knows.
But we keep partaking in
the juice of the dark
berries
for we know that there
are no such things as
fairies...